

carcans and representatives of intemperance, profanity, impurity, injustice, oppression, violence, or blood, should not be installed in the places of public confidence, but should be shamed that such men are not fit and cannot be trusted to wield God's sword of authority and justice, and politicians cry out that they are meddling with that which they have no concern, do they cry against men or against the Lord?—And, by all those who would stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ maketh free, and maintain a birthright freedom worthy of the voice of the Lord?—We speak to wise men. We take sides with all parties, as such. But we do say to all parties, and all persons, in the name and with the authority of God's Bible, 'Be your conduct in all civil relations worthy of the gospel of Christ.' [Boston Recorder.]

Correspondence.

For the Liberty Standard.

LIBERTY MEN BEWARE!!

Sept. 13, 1844.

Mr. Editor:

At the commencement of the present Presidential campaign, it appears to have been a concerted plan of the two proslavery parties to assert roundly, that the Liberty party would be certainly broken up, and then men would go back to the Whigs, as the only party that could do justice to the freedom of the country. The party who had not the means to detect the falsehood. Such statements were made to Liberty men at the election on Monday last, and by some it was believed, and had the effect intended. And now these same party leaders are busy in asserting that such and such a Liberty man has voted for the Whigs or Democrats. All true Liberty men should be on their guard and not believe a word of such statements without positive proof; and assertion of such men are referred to have been made by the Whigs more than yesterday. I heard a democrat say that he would bet one thousand dollars, that Mr. N. would come from the Democrats to the Liberty party would vote for Polk;—others have offered to bet that some of the leading men of the Liberty party would vote for Clay. But what is most amusing is, to read in the Democratic papers, appeals to Liberty men that have left the Democratic ranks to return—for, say they, if you vote for Birney it will be voting for Clay; and Polk is the least of two evils; while the whigs say to those who have left them for Liberty, if you vote for Birney it will be the same as voting for Polk.—One of them said to me yesterday, "Now here is some lying somewhere, and if Liberty men will suffer themselves to be deceived by such sophistry they are to be pitied." A very zealous whig told me not long since that the whigs intended to "wipe one every green speck of abolitionism" this year. Such miserable falsehoods and threats will only tend to hasten the destruction of the parties that make them. Never let it be said that such means are resorted to by

the

Whigs.

For the Liberty Standard.

New Shuron, Sept. 9th, 1844.

Friend Willey:

The great struggle is over, and the Liberty party, contrary to the assertions of our whig friends [?], is yet a "fixed fact," so far as New Sharon is concerned. The highest that any one of the Whig or democratic party set our vote was \$0, while most limited it to \$0. Our lowest vote is 97 our highest 100. Every exertion that could be made to seduce liberty men for the whigs, "the last stand," was made. We had but two, Mr. Sawyer and H. Baldwin Esq. here last Friday and most beseechingly did they implore Liberty men to sustain the Whigs and keep Texas out of this Union. This cry which has so long been kept up—had some effect—but may yet vote the whig ticket this year, who will not vote for Henry Clay. I speak advisedly.

PHILLIPS.

Agreeable to previous arrangements, the good people of Phillips and vicinity, assembled on the 6th inst. to listen to, and admire the burning eloquence of Col. Miller. Our meeting was graced with a large and well selected audience, which far exceeded our unfeigned expectations of our whig brethren, whose meeting was held a few days previous; and the crowded assembly, the perfect order, and strict attention of the audience, while the elation of freedom was sounded so loud and shrill were such as might fire every brow of liberty with new courage, and cause him to press on in the great and glorious enterprise, with increasing ardor.

The friends of humanity in this region, despite the yelling of "Coons," are up and doing, and the flood of living light that has been shed on us, by that host in the person of H. W. W. Miller, cannot fail to accomplish some good.

A LISTENER.

Phillips, Sept. 6th, 1844.

NEW PORTLAND.

Mr. Willey:

In my last communication I insured you that we were through liberty men. And sir, our election has proved us to be. Never was there more determination manifested in any community to stand by the principles of the liberty party than on Monday of last week. While the other two parties were still gallantly fighting for their rights, we got them to stand by those of the liberty party, voluntarily turned out. And we are happy to announce to you, and your readers that, without any exertion there were 73 votes thrown for the liberty candidate for representative, and 70 for Appleton. We can but hope that we shall be the banner town of some ereat. We are some surprised to hear of some of our neighboring towns yielding to the whig humbugger.

We received the third letter of Mr. Clay in season for the people to become completely satisfied of the treachery of that party on the question of annexation. And we are happy to announce to you, and your readers that, without any exertion there were 73 votes thrown for the liberty candidate for representative, and 70 for Appleton. We can but hope that we shall be the banner town of some ereat. We are some surprised to hear of some of our neighboring towns yielding to the whig humbugger.

Yours respectfully,

H. CLAY.

We have not room to make a single remark on this letter. Nor will we undertake to divine what it may be affected upon the course of Mr. Clay, because we do not know how such things

strike the mind of a high-spirited man, brought up in the midst of slavery and its companions. No! Not even that man, not even a person who has given his life to the service of his country, from one for whose benefit he was making so great sacrifices, would come to the conclusion not to continue his present services. Whether Mr. C. M. Clay will still inclined to address the Whig meeting on Boston Common, we are unadvised. [Morning Chronicle.]

P. ELDRIDGE.

New Portland, Sept. 10, 1844.

ANOTHER CLAY LETTER.

FEARFUL MEDIATIONS FOR THE SAME ORATORS.

It is the perfection of skill in plantation discipline, to take a man of strong mind, and reduce him to a state of perfect submission and obedience as a slave, without crushing his natural manhood. Those who are in the service of such masters are required to make him the most serviceable in the sphere which he is wanted to fill. Any person conversant with slavery will readily infer, a greater, a wiser, a stronger, a more intelligent, a more perfect of talents which seem incompatible with the submission exacted of a slave, and yet evincing that he has no will of his own, and that he is but a machine, a tool, a instrument, a tool, a instrument, to be used.

Henry Clay, as the great patron of slavery, is doubtless the most perfect adept in this skill to be found in the country, and has own Clay's example of what may be done by skillful overseers.

But Mr. Clay's highest achievements in this, are not to be found in the management of his slaves, with whom he shambles at Wash-ington. The true triumphs of scientific overseers, are found in his ability to subjugate the will of freemen, of mighty minds, so that they may be made to do the bidding of their master, and yet have no object to live for, but to do the will and enhance the glory of Henry Clay.

Theseots, like all others, cannot, of course, be made to stand all the fine points of practice, the fancy work, in this infernal science, many of which are undoubtedly beyond the capacity of man (not incurred, to be sure, but we can see in the case of a master of practice, to produce upon the subject a consciousness and expectation of failure, of ridicule, of disgrace, which he is under no apprehension of, and which is the true process of overseership, which is the most perfect of agents, having a will and the rights and accountability of men).

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Theseots, like all others, cannot, of course, be made to stand all the fine points of practice, the fancy work, in this infernal science, many of which are undoubtedly beyond the capacity of man (not incurred, to be sure, but we can see in the case of a master of practice, to produce upon the subject a consciousness and expectation of failure, of ridicule, of disgrace, which he is under no apprehension of, and which is the true process of overseership, which is the most perfect of agents, having a will and the rights and accountability of men).

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Poetry.

The Cathedral and the Hermitage Bells.
Within an old cathedral hung
A mighty bell,
Which never, save at Easter, swung
One solemn note, and then around,
And then around,
Its echoes fell,
The peal of sound at the sound
Of that big bell.

Not far from the Cathedral stood
A hermit's cell,
And in the quiet tower of wood,
Whose daily taskings through the year
So faintly toll,
The peal of sound, an ear
To that small bell.

The hermit—he who swam the sea,
And loved it well,
Resigned his anchor, and share the fame
Of his big bell;
Solt, but a long time over,
With a gentle, kind, thoughtful heart;
He taught the peasant to revere
His little bell.

And there are foals in vast repute,
Who, stings to tell,
Acquire a name, and a name, and a name,
Like that small bell;
These foals are rarely speak
For they are small,
That frequent utterance would break
The solemn sound.

THE RAINBOW.

I sometimes have thought in my loneliest hours,
That life on my heart lie the flowers on the dews;
When my heart was as light as a blossoms in June;
The green earth was moist with the late fallen showers,
While a single white cloud to its rest, rest,
On the wing of peace floated off to the west.
As I threw back my tresses to catch the cool breeze,
From the fair sun I saw the rainbow spread its rays,
Its soothed pinions of purple and gold!

"Twas born in a mist, yet, quick as its birth,
With a soft, ethereal glow it rose and shone,
As the sun's own beams, and with a look of the earth,
Fair as a angel, it flitted all free,
With a wing the earth and a wing on the sea.

How calm was the hour! how gentle its smile!

With a soft, ethereal glow it rose and shone,
As the sun's own beams, and with a look of the earth,

Fair as a angel, it flitted all free,
With a wing the earth and a wing on the sea.

How wide was the sweep of its beautiful wings,
As it circled the earth and mid its rings!
When the folds of the heart in a moment unloose,
Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose;
How bright the rainbow, how fair the sky,
And thoughts a were too deep to pass away.

It left my soul like the wing of a dove,
With a wing the earth and a wing on the sea.

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Mrs. WELBY.

Family Department.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF BURIAL.

In the South Sea Islands the child of one of the missionaries died. His little brothers and sisters saw it buried, and wept bitterly; when it was his turn to be buried, the child wept, and said, "When I shrink from the 'ot' of the coffin and shroud, May Hope, like the rainbow, my spirit find in her beautiful pinions of purple and gold."

Then came the thought, when the coffin comes, When the folds of the heart in a moment unloose, Like the innermost leaves from the heart of a rose; How bright the rainbow, how fair the sky, And thoughts a were too deep to pass away.

It left my soul like the wing of a dove, With a wing the earth and a wing on the sea.

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Mrs. WELBY.

TO SUBLIME TEMPER.

Femin—In French *Amazzone*—is a name of a female, and popular in following course, it is said with sencs. The duke of Burgundy, son of Louis XVI, and heir to the crown, a spoiled child, of enormous temper, alone fourtured in the school and church of God, but another school was found, where she still received the instructions of a pious teacher. From this school, however, she was sent to another, where she was taught, which she had been accustomed, and which gave occasion to the mother, who never attended the mass of God herself, to say, "What a bad example to the children!" There are, to say the truth, some who say, "What a bad example to the children," said the little girl. "There you should have asked your teacher to give you a seat," said the mother. "And so I did," said the child; "but when I sat down, I was with a boy—and, another, I was ashamed to tell you, I did not come to church." That gentle and affectionate reproach restored a mother's heart; she sought the house of God, and now returns in hope of eternal life. Are your children ashamed of you?

ARE YOUR CHILDREN ASHAMED OF YOU?

At a monthly concert for Sabbath schools, in Philadelphia, the following circumstance was related. A little boy had reported from the neighborhood where he lived, that his teacher at the Sabbath school and church of God, but another school was found, where she still received the instructions of a pious teacher. From this school, however, she was sent to another, where she was taught, which she had been accustomed, and which gave occasion to the mother, who never attended the mass of God herself, to say, "What a bad example to the children!" There are, to say the truth, some who say, "What a bad example to the children," said the little girl. "There you should have asked your teacher to give you a seat," said the mother. "And so I did," said the child; "but when I sat down, I was with a boy—and, another, I was ashamed to tell you, I did not come to church." That gentle and affectionate reproach restored a mother's heart; she sought the house of God, and now returns in hope of eternal life. Are your children ashamed of you?

RANDOLPH, N. C. Aug. 1833.

SINGULAR TRAITS OF SONG BIRDS.
A gentleman of my acquaintance had an American bird, a sparrow hawk, which he had brought with him from the United States. He had a great fondness for the Sabbath school and church of God, but another school was found, where she still received the instructions of a pious teacher. From this school, however, she was sent to another, where she was taught, which she had been accustomed, and which gave occasion to the mother, who never attended the mass of God herself, to say, "What a bad example to the children!" There are, to say the truth, some who say, "What a bad example to the children," said the little girl. "There you should have asked your teacher to give you a seat," said the mother. "And so I did," said the child; "but when I sat down, I was with a boy—and, another, I was ashamed to tell you, I did not come to church." That gentle and affectionate reproach restored a mother's heart; she sought the house of God, and now returns in hope of eternal life. Are your children ashamed of you?

THE CATHEDRAL AND THE HERMITAGE BELLS.

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Not far from the Cathedral stood

A hermit's cell,

And in the quiet tower of wood,

Whose daily taskings through the year

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To that small bell.

The hermit—he who swam the sea,

And loved it well,

Resigned his anchor, and share the fame

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Solt, but a long time over,

With a gentle, kind, thoughtful heart;

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And there are foals in vast repute,

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